

HENRY DARGER -

"THE VIVIAN

GIRLS

IN CHICAGO"

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VOLUME

SIX

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You are very very kind
 she faltered very kind
 indeed, but you see they
 and I am not the same
 kind of kids and we
 couldn't match and
 I'm afraid I couldn't
 leave my father and
 mother."

"Bother about Zern can't
 say get along with
 you?"

"I don't think they
 could," said Gladys
 "and anyway I couldn't
 get on without them."

"You seem to get
 on very well without
 Zern since you came
 back."

"Yes but they are
 here with me But
 if I since I'm not

will consent I will try to be one of their girl scout if papa and mamma dont object, for if we are to part now then I would miss them, oh I would miss them very very much."

There was a quiver in Gladys voice and the mist of tears in the blue eyes welled out.

The child could not have told why it was but she was missing the companionship of the little Virrâns for this short time, this afternoon more than she had done since taking these trips with Jack Evans. Evans said no

more on the subject of Gladys return to Chicago but it was evident that something had disturbed him for he was graver and more silent that afternoon than Gladys had ever known him to be before.

It was a very silent drive altogether, for Gladys was not in a talkative mood and preferred sitting quietly in her corner and letting the cool fresh air fan her sweating forehead to doing any thing else.

They were driving through a street in Evanston on their

way home when a tall gentle man dressed more like an undertaker than anything else and who was standing on the side walk in front of the drug store came hastily forward and motioned to Jack Evans to stop.

"I beg your pardon" he said apologetically as the Abbearnian Baron brought the black horse to a stand "but I called at your house this afternoon on rather important business. I don't know whether you have heard it or not but the condition of Mr. Sese - man's house is so

crazy now that even the whole city police and detective force and people won't stand for it any longer."

"No I don't know yet" said Evans gruffly "not that it makes any special difference to the deernom that I can see - it certainly isn't my fault."

"No of course not but I thought you might wish to avoid going near the place."

"Deed youse theenk that I would be sceered of being leaked by ze some speerits? I say 'ee sceered of me'."

"Not for yourself

but I got the fate of the
Paulina Iannigan kid
in my mind, and I
thought that possibly - "
and the gentle man look-
ed at Mr Evans compan-
ion.

"Oh I see eet I see ze
way of eet. Weel ze need
not make ze worry
to yourself I no
have ze intention
of visiting any part
of zat place any more
at present. What
time deed eet geet bawd?"

"A little more than
ten days ago"

Evans gave a violent
start and some of the
color went out of his
face.

"Ten days ago?" he

repeated in a different
tone "Ten days ago?"

"Yes and because of that
some kids belonging
to a woman by the
name of
O Connell met some
misfortune and are
ill."

"O Connell?" cried Evans
"Bridget O Connell, a
widow with a boy and
two girls?"

"Yes one child died
this morning from
some strange mysterious
effects of a harsh
strangulation received
in her own house
into which he un-
wittingly entered with
his two two sister
who also had been

similarly attacked. His
 two little sisters are very
 ill because of the effects.
 It's a very bad malignant
 form of possession in
 that "crazy" house. I have
 been attending the
 family for the past week.
 "Looka heah detective
 8 ese man" Jack Evans
 leaned forward in his
 seat and spoke in a
 rather low voice "I'm
 afraid zis es zis bawd
 business. I did allow
 zis leedle girl to come
 to zis 'crazy' house ever
 sence teen day ago.
 I deed also take zis
 leedle girl to see zis
 sech family only zis
 few days ago. I tree
 of zis leedle children

was seek then, looka
 like Gladys said he
 was choked or beaten -
 but I never dreamed,
 good heavens was es
 we to do?

Evans was looking
 fairly frightened and
 the kind hearted de-
 tective who had known
 him since he came
 over here with the
 little Virians suddenly
 realized that there was
 a possibly of his
 eccentric friend pos-
 sessing feelings for
 other people besides
 his little cousins, after
 all.

"There may not be
 cause for alarm" he
 said speaking cheerfully

though he looked rather grave "which one of the three children she spoke to was ill do you happen to remember?"

"I does not reemember but she weel know -" Gladys - "turning to the child "youse reemember meesen. I coth boarding house we went to on your boith day dont youse. Youse went up - staim to see ze seek child"

Gladys who had been sitting with closed eyes paying no attention to the conversation, roused herself at this question and the look of interest came back into her face.

"It was Johnnie" she said. "poor little boy, he was very ill from what something unseer did to him in that house and his mother said if he and his sisters wasnt better soon she was going to ask Dr. Brown to come and see them"

Jack Evans and his companion exchanged glances.

"Johnnie died this morning" the detective "said in a voice too low for Gladys to catch the words.

Evans was actually white.

"Was es to be done?" he said. hopelessly.

The detective said nothing but walked around to the other side of the dogcart and mounting the high step looked long and searchingly into Gladys' heat flushed face.

"I am Detective Jere-mams" he said kindly "won't you shake hands with me"

Gladys promptly held out her hand.

"Did you go to see Johnnie?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes I did."

"And is he quite well again now?"

"Little Johnnie is well now and very happy" the Detective said

holding Gladys' little hand in his and still scanning her face with grave interest, "but I'm afraid for some reason or other you didn't get any sleep last night, is that true?"

"Now not very much sleep" Gladys admitted. "My head still aches from the awful noises I heard last night and my throat is a little sore from something that tried to choke me but I guess I'll be all right tomorrow."

"I hope so. You're not afraid of Banshees and demons I suppose?"

"Oh no I dont believe
 so though I m too sure.
 I m never really scared.
 I was never scared since
 I was born. my mother
 says if such things were
 true I d be in more
 danger from ghosts than
 demons."

"never scared since
 you were born eh? you
 have nt seen any man-
 ifestations at Sese-
 mam crazy house then,
 or at home too?"

"I did see some of
 those things, but I
 was nt really scared
 they were interest-
 ing. Gemmie said
 they were some of
 the slightest man-
 ifestations she had

ever seen."

"Oh no I never saw
 them. Aggie and my
 mother did and so
 did Jay who had seen
 something but I only
 heard strange loud
 noises that kept me
 awake all night"

The doctor dropped
 Gladys hand and
 turned once more to
 Evan who had been
 listening to the
 conversation with
 rapidly increasing
 anxiety.

"His child is
 Mr Wenth worths
 little daughter is
 she not?" he as-
 ked.
 Jack Evan nodded.

"Well I scarcely think it would be right to take her back there just now. It's worth while a little girl ought not to be exposed to any danger than can be helped and for Heaven's sake keep her away from Mr. Sese man's 'Crazy' house for the time being. Remember poor Paulina Flannigan and the orphan kid and the seven laborers."

"Youse dont mean zat zore een reely danger zat—"

Jack Evans checked himself abruptly at a sign from the detective. Gladys was leaning forward

wide awake now and taking in every word that passed.

"I dont say there is anything wrong as yet" said the detective rather hastily, but this little girl tells me that things she heard last night in her own home was not quite up to the mark and I thought that under the circumstances it might be better if she could go somewhere else for a day or two just untill we are sure what the trouble might be, and whether the little Virvians will

make a final effort to
clean out Sesemann house
or not."

"She shall stay here
mine here in Chicago
of course" said Evans
with decision. You
won't mind if you
come to stay with me
for 30 while will you
gladly?"

"I should like it
very much - but -
but does the detective
really think I'm
being followed by
the Banskies of Mr
Sesemann house?"

"No no" said the
detective reassuringly
"but you see the fact
is little Joe Johnnie
Conner has been

attacked by a phenomena
in Sesemann house
and his two little sisters
are ill from the same
cause, and as Mr Evans
tells me you saw
little Johnnie the other
day and as you are
a friend of the little
Viriam the demons
are your special foes
so I thought it might
be just as well for
you to keep away
from your house for
a few days or at least
a day or two until
we are sure what
the trouble is, just
till we are quite
sure that you are
all right from the
devils you know"

Gladys lips were quivering and she had to make a great effort to keep back the babyish tears.

"I don't know what to do" she said in a rather tremulous voice "I shouldn't like the barnshees to possess my Vivian friends house or Evans or those of of anybody, I should like to go home but if I had to bring them to Mrs Scotts house she would be vexed and scared and perhaps it might frighten some of the people leave and - and that ~~that~~ would be most dreadful".

A big tear splashed down Gladys cheek.

but before she could wipe it away or even realize what was happening to her, she felt a strong arm around her and Evans was saying in a tone that few people had ever heard in that gruff harsh voice before.

"Don't you cry Gladys. don't my dear. Feet are all right. I'll go on take care of you and you are going to be my little girl companion for the good now".

How it was Gladys never understood but at the sound

of that kind voice all her fears suddenly melted away and with a little sigh of relief and content she let her tired head sink on Mr Evans shoulder murmuring softly:

"Thank you so much, you are always so kind so very kind and I'd rather have you take care of me than anyone else in the world except mother."

Toward bedtime Gladys was lying in a soft & cool bed in the very room Mrs Gerry had taken her on that first Sunday when she came to dine with Evans.

Mrs Gerry herself with a grave troubled face was moving across the room or about folding up Gladys' clothes and generally setting things in order.

"Mrs Gerry" said Gladys suddenly speaking for the first time since the Housekeeper had finished undressing her "how long will it take Violet and her sisters and their brother long to really lick the evil spirits out of Mr & Mrs Evans' house?"

"That depends

said Mrs Jerry "some-
times only a little
while, but the surest
way to get the power of
darkness out of the
house is to depend on the
awakening of the rest of
the parts of the Paloo
and not to worry
about things."

Gladys stifled a
sigh.

"I do hope they are
not being discouraged
and going to give it up."
she said "but if they
do fight again if
they should do you
think they'll be able
to win soon enough
to have time to go
with me to New
York next week?"

"Well? don't know
about that?" said the
house keeper "but if
they fight hard enough
to win they'll surely
be able to go before
long, and in the mean
time you just stay
here while they go
back to Chicago to
fight and we'll have
such nice times. I
love to take care of
little girls and it'll
seem like old times
to have some-body
to look after."

"Did the little
Uriam really fight
demons in the County
Manison at Coloss
Junction near Mc-
Callis Run as I've

heard?" inquired Gladys.

"Yes indeed and the house was in pretty bad shape, and they won through every room."

"I brought every room?" repeated Gladys raising herself on her elbow and looking more interested than she had looked before that day.

"Why did they fight the demons in that house?"

"Mrs Jerry flushed, and looked a little embarrassed."

"Well yes they did" she said rather reluctantly "though I didn't mean to tell you. You won't say anything to Pernod or his

sisters will you?"

"Not if you don't want me to, but why doesn't Pernod or his sisters like to hear about it?"

"Because dear it is some secret for that for good reasons they want to keep. And too when little Paulina Iannigan died so miserably in Seemann's house it is a reminiscence of whom the awful Phenomenons killed in the Collis Junction house and the memory of it almost broke their hearts. They never

mention those dreadful tragedies now and it might make them unhappy to be reminded of it"

Gladys looked a little troubled.

"Do you think the evil spirits would know I'm staying in this room then?" she questioned anxiously. Perhaps that might make them attack me here too?"

"No it would not" said the house keeper with decision "I know that for when he brought you home his very first words were to me in his own language which

I understand were: -
"is the bed in the green room made up?"
"If so I should like to have you put the child there so the demons won't get at her."

Gladys smiled contentedly and laid her head down on the pillow once more.

"I'm glad" she said. "I think Mr Evans must really love me if he wants me to be in this important room."

There was a pause while Mrs Gerry went quietly on with her arrangements and then Gladys

spoke again.

"You don't remember just how long it took to drive the spirit out of the house at Collis Junction? I suppose -"

"Well no? don't exactly. It took a good many days though perhaps two weeks you see."

"Little Daisy said it didn't take very long" said Gladys with a sudden hopeful recollection it was only ten days after she and her sister

discovered the trouble and ten days more after they fought Daisy said they were quite successful - quite successful, and

very happy over their victory that's just what she said: I do hope they'll win at Sese-mam by next week.

My mother would be so disappointed if they couldn't win and they've been fighting the demon all winter. Oh I don't want to see them lose and be unhappy and give it up - and - and -"

Gladys' sentence ended in a sob.

"Now my dear little girl" said Mrs Jerry cheerfully taking one of Gladys' little hands in hers. "This won't do at all. If you fret you'll be sure to make the

the Banshees gain courage and make the situation in Mr Sese man house much worse. You must try to be very brave and every thing going to come out all right. I know. Why the place may not be going to be much worse at all, and then even the little Virians never give up on anything. Would it make you happier if you're little Aunt Joy could come back for a while from her Grand-father in New York and stay with you?"

"Oh yes, yes indeed," cried Gladys rap

turnously "that is" she added with a sudden recollection if you are quite sure the banshees will not do anything to her? remember Paulina Flannigan she had been killed by a phemonena and it might happen to Joy or even me and that would be so dreadful."

"I don't think there would be the least danger" said the good house keeper "I thought of course we could ask one of the priests. Now I'll tell you what we will do Mr. Viriam has gone over to your father to let

him and the others know where you are and to ask them to send some of your things. Just as soon as he comes back we will ask him what he thinks of our sending a telegram to Mr. Lindsdale in New York telling him about Mr. Sese-mam house the danger you may be in and asking him if he'd let Joy come here. Then if it turns out Mr. Sese-mam's house is cleared of the wicked spirits and is all right again why the Virians may want to take you to Ab-briannia with them

and everything will be just the same as it was before. Wouldn't you like that?"

"I should like it better than anything else in the whole world," said Gladys.

Then she dropped off into a doze and did not hear speak again for some time. When Gladys next woke to full consciousness, she was aware of the fact that the housekeeper was not any longer the only person in the room. People were talking in low subdued voices and she was sure

she recognized the tone of Mr Evans and also those of Detective Sese-man. Next moment the house keeper was bending over her holding something toward her right hand.

"Take hold of and keep this dear" she said kindly "It's something one of the good little Viriam girl princesses sent to you. She wants you to use it in case you do have the nerve to go into the grounds of Mr Sese man's house alone"

Gladys promptly took it wondering

vaguely why the princess wanted her to use it & then she whispered eagerly:

"Did you ask Mr Evans about my friend Joy?"

"Yes indeed" said Evans coming forward and answering for herself "Let her all right and your little friend will be back within seventeen hours from this hour."

With a sudden motion or movement Gladys put out her hand.

"Oh thank you so much" she murmured "I think I'd like to kiss

you please?"

Evans bent down his head close to Gladys and as the child then kissed him she heard him whisper in a tone so low that no one else in the room could hear:

"Good God of Ze Heaven
bless youse, God
bless our own leedle
Gladys. The Empress
of Albertania was
reading while Angel-
inia Anonburg was
sitting near by cro-
chetting. The day
though it was in
the late part of
April was wummat
unally warm, and
the book was not

very interesting more
than once Angelinia
Anonburg had nodded
in her chair and she
was not making very
rapid progress with
her knitting, but
the Empress read on
patiently placing
herself every once
in a while by a
glance at the large
trunk which Jennie
Turner was busy
packing.

This was Tuesday
and on Thursday
Mrs. Scott expected
to leave the city
to spend a month
with her married
son at the lake
side near Oacore Wis.

It was giving promise of a very warm spring, and the Empress was very tired.

The past three weeks had been especially trying, for there had been no bright little faces to make the dull bounding house look home like, no little daughters to gladden the long evenings with merry chatter and loving caresses.

The letter (that) stating that the remaining parts of the Palace would arrive in another week had been a great comfort it is true and she had spent many

an other wise lonely hour in making plans for the future of the Seremam possessed house, but even the prospect of possible fame cannot make up for everything and the poor Empress had been very lonely.

But it was almost over now for tomorrow her princely son and daughters were coming home probably of having the adventure of renewing the fight against the powers of darkness.

What did it matter that the April day was hot, that the

book was dull; even that Angelina Anon-brug was more fretful than usual about Essemann's house.

What did anything in the world matter when she remembered that to-morrow she would feel the touch of Violet's soft arms around her neck and hear her dear voice saying -

(Aunt) "Aunt you glad to see me Mother?"

There was a ring at the door bell and Angelina started out of a doze.

"What in the world can that be?"

she remarked in a tone of interest. "The bell doesn't ring at this time of day."

"Perhaps it may be those school books you sent for" the Empress suggested looking up from her book.

"Perhaps and if so I want to look them over, to see if they're all right. Go and see Mary [to Mary Stanch?] and don't let the boy go until I have looked at them."

The girl scout left the room and the Empress went on with her reading while Angelina con-

turned to find. In
a very short time
Mary Stanck re-
turned.

"To a gentleman
to see you Empress"

"To see me Mary?
Are you sure there
isnt some mistake?
Did he give his
name?"

"I cant read this
its English" said Mary
handing the Empress
a card. Empress
Viriam glanced at it
and turned a little
pale.

"Who is it?" Ange-
linia inquired.

Mr Wenthworth
the father of the
little Irish girl my